Blue Bull

1956

Stokes

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Page

A Charge From Our Student Leaders—Jean Trueworthy and Mary Miller . . . 1

Queens College Speaks for Herself—Miss Mildred Miscally 2

Centennial Events—Kathy Hooks 2

The Group Tutorial System—Margaret Wright 3

New Foreign Students—Betty McGeachy 3

Dr. Walker Addresses Senior Class—Carolyn Heffner 3

Queens Alumnae—Stella Dross 4

Faculty Changes—Jo Holland 5

Keep Queens Clean—Betty McGeachy . . 5

From the quill (editorials) 8
A Centennial purpose—Shirly Shipp
Your Attendance Wanted—Patsy Smith
The Cut System—Sarah Ann Smith

Letter to a Friend—Jean Trueworthy . . 9

Browsing (book section) 10-13

New Perspective for New Testament—Blue Calhoun 10

Long Day's Journey into Night—Susan Sharpe 10

Romantic Novel of High Finance—Hobby Abernethy 10

Worth Your While—Gary Brady 11

A Look at a Political Boss—Frances Ramsey 11

Love Versus Hate—Roxana Mebane . . 13

Music Review—Coci's Recital—Blue Calhoun 13

New Queens Hymn—Gloria Griffith . . . 13

Student Wins Award—Gloria Griffith . . 14

Refuge—Susan Thomas 15

Poetry page 16-19
Tornado—Laura Prince
Argent Splendor—Sarah Ann Smith
Alone—Mary Allred
Omega—Louise Robertson
The Yellow Way—Laura Prince
Cloudburst—Louise Robertson
Destination America—Anne Carmichael
Uncertainty—Sarah Ann Smith

October—Shirly Shipp 19

Mint's Namesake—Louise Robertson 21

Myrta—Betty McGeachy 25

An Analysis of the Writings of Thomas Wolfe—Shirly Shipp 28

Tragedy is Essentially Optimistic—Sharlene Morris 30

The Blue Quill OCT., 19

staff

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Shirly Shipp

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager . . . . . Mary Ann Brown

Advertising Manager . . . . . Barbara White

Advertising Manager Assistant . . . . . Stella Dross

Circulation Manager . . . . . Rebecca Price

LITERARY STAFF

Editor . . . . . Sarah Ann Smith

Short Story Editor . . . . . Carol Harvey

Poetry Editor . . . . . Sharlene Morris

Book Review Editor . . . . . Gary Brady

Contributors . . . . . Hobby Abernethy, Mary Allred, Blue Calhoun, Anne Carmichael, Roxana Mebane, Betty McGeachy, Laura Pince, Frances Ramsey, Louise Robertson, Susan Sharpe, Susan Thomas.

NEWS STAFF

Editor . . . . . Patsy Smith

Reporters: Stella Dross, Gloria Griffith, Carolyn Heffner, Jo Holland, Kathy Hooks, Betty McGeachy, Mary Miller, Jean Trueworthy, Margaret Wright.

Photography Editors . . . . . Betty McGeachy, Libby Sproul

MAKE-UP STAFF

Editor . . . . . Susan Sharpe

Assistants . . . . . Nelda Clements, Jane Kluttz

Staff Artist . . . . . Jane Currie

Advisors . . . . . Miss Laura Tillett, Miss Mildred Miscally, Dr. L. Harris Chewning

ıe purpose of the Centennial: "To know our parentage, to know the stuff of which we are made, to define and accept the ligations that have been shaped by our history and to formulate our purposes and dedicate ourselves to the job in the ars ahead."—Dr. Edwin R. Walker.

Jean Trueworthy
S. G. A. President

College is an opportunity—no more and no less. It exists to grant opportunities for growth toward self-realization and self-development. The Student Government Association is one aspect of this total opportunity of college. It might, therefore, take as its major premise, "Self-realization through self-government."

Like any other opportunity, self-government is a privilege which we, as students, can make the most of or one which we can simply neglect. It can be merely a concept, nice but nominal, or it can be a working reality—a vital force in student living. Into which category will our Student Government Association fall this year here at Queens? The answer depends upon each individual here, because student government is an individual responsibility based upon the concept that each student has a unique and inherently valuable contribution to make to the running of his or her college. I challenge you to accept this responsibility and to make your contribution.

The aims of your Student Government Association are five-fold: (1) to fulfill the needs of the students; (2) to serve as a central voice through which the student body is able to speak; (3) to offer a lobbying opportunity for improvement in student life; (4) to act as a learning situation for future citizens in skills, attitudes, and methods of democracy; and (5) to carry out whatever authority is delegated to the students in the functioning of the college. In order to achieve these aims as effectively as possible, the leaders of the Student Government Association must have the support, interest, and cooperation of everyone on campus—s t u d e n t s, faculty, and administration alike. Only as we work together can we build together; only as we accept the obligations which are ours as citizens in a democratic society can we "formulate our purposes and dedicate ourselves to the job in the years ahead."

A Charge From Our Leaders

Mary Miller
Q. C. A. President

We are living in a world full of revolution and tension. Our own country is seething with domestic and foreign problems. Our campus is inevitably involved in these conflicts and struggles of the present day. Moreover, we have tensions in our own college community. And add to all that the struggle within yourself—mixed feelings and emotions, anxieties, and stress from situations which you cannot control.

In the face of this bleak picture, *I dare you* to accept the challenge laid upon you as a person who calls himself a Christian. As a part of a fellowship that is called the Christian Association, which by its very name binds us together in Christ, there comes to us the challenge to fulfill our responsibility, as Paul stated, to be "ambassadors" of the love of God that we have found in Christ Jesus. "For if a man is in Christ he becomes a new person altogether—the past is finished and gone; everything has become fresh and new. All this is God's doing, for He has reconciled us to Himself through Jesus Christ; and He has made us agents of the reconciliation . . . God . . . has commissioned us with the message of reconciliation." (*II Cor.* 5:17f)

In what ways, then, do we, as members of the Queens Christian Association, seek to be bearers of this message that Paul talks about? It seems to me that there are three elements of the Christian Association program that are necessary for each of us. Worship, study, and action, when in proper balance in the life of each individual, can provide the most effective way of meeting the challenge that faces us today. Worship enables us to realize the greatness and majesty of God and His mysterious ways, and to offer gratitude and thanksgiving to Him. Study helps us to use our intellect and powers of reasoning to mature in our beliefs with the experience and insights of others brought to bear on the present problem. Action puts our

(Continued on page 7)

Queens College Speaks For Herself

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD?

Gratifying is the word I shall use—*gratifying*. I almost said *proud*, but my conscience quickly reminded me that pride is not a Christian virtue. I am gratified, however, when I think about my 6,000 daughters. I have watched them with satisfaction as they have taken their places in homes, in the church, in business and industry, in schools, and in hospitals and social agencies. I have seen them receive the right to vote and assume increased responsibilities in community and national affairs.

We have lived through four wars, my daughters and I. We have known victory and defeat, poverty and deprivation, joy and attainment. Like any good parent, I have tried to maintain a suitable environment for my daughters. We have lived at three different locations, each time moving to give more room and better advantages. In addition to physical surroundings, I have tried to provide intellectual stimulation, an atmosphere of the mind, let me say. And above all else, I have endeavored to nurture and to preserve in my daughters an abiding faith in God, a respect for each other, and a self-searching attitude. I have not done these things alone. Numerous men and women have helped me build whatever of worth survives today.

I have watched my daughters travel in horse-drawn c
riages and in speeding air-liners, change from pompado
to the Italian cut, from bloomers to Bermudas, and ha
seen them come full circle back to crinoline petticoats

As for myself, I have tried not to be an "old fogey." I
changed some of my ideas; I've discarded some of my pr
udices. I have, however, held strictly to my ideals and
high goals for myself and my daughters. The woman's al
ity to adapt herself has proven a blessing to me, and I ha
tried to be flexible in mind and sensitive in heart.

Now in the fall of 1956, I am surrounded by 400 of
youngest daughters. I see them every day—alert, intellige
sincere, fun-loving, and, at times, remarkably wise. In
midst of them, I do not feel a hundred years old. In fa
to meet their needs and to deserve their affection I m
prove myself a hundred years young.

CENTENNIAL EVENTS

During this, the year of the Queens Centennial celebration, many events are planned to commemorate the founding of the Charlotte Female Institute in 1857. On September 24 a service of thanksgiving and dedication was held, led by the Reverend Henry P. Mobley of Rock Hill, South Carolina, secretary of the Queens College Board of Trustees.

The Centennial Year was officially opened by Dr. Walker at a convocation honoring the Senior Class on September 25. On this occasion Dr. Walker gave a brief historical sketch of the college from its beginning in 1857 under the leadership of the Reverend Robert Burwell and on up to the present time.

On October 9 the new pipe organ given by the Belks was dedicated. Following the service of dedication, there was an organ recital by Claire Coci, concert organist and organist of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society. Another recital was given on Sunday, October 14, by John E. Williams of the Flora Macdonald College music faculty.

Events in the near future include a series of luncheons during the week of November 12 for several Charlotte civic clubs, at which will be shown a movie portraying activities on the Queens campus; a concert on October 19 presented by the Community Concert Association honoring Quee
and an organ recital by Anna Royer, organist at the My
Park Baptist Church, on November 18. A highlight of
fall season will be the Carolinas' Carrousel on Thanksg
ing Day. The parade will have as its theme "Scenes
Remember," and will be composed of approximately fi
floats featuring various aspects of Queens' history and pr
ent activities.

In December come a series of convocations which v
emphasize the relationship of the college to the Presbyter
Synods of North Carolina and South Carolina with wh
the college is affiliated and to the seven Charlotte churc
which had their beginnings on the Queens campus.
Sunday morning, December 9, students and members
the faculty will attend the services of those churches. Th
will be a convocation at 8:00 P. M. that night at the My
Park Baptist Church at which Dr. James A. Jones, Presid
of the Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virgi
will speak. There is to be at this convocation an acade
procession composed of representatives of the seven churc
members of the Queens faculty and administration, and
Senior Class. The December series of Centennial convo
tions will end with an address by Huston Smith of Wa
ington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

—K.

The Group Tutorial System

One of the major emphases in the ademic program at Queens this year the adoption of the group tutorial sys-m of teaching. This new approach to arning calls for experimentation on the rts of professors and students with the ethods, materials, and resources to be ed as a basis for study. Since the pro-am is designed to stimulate individual udy and research, the plans for each ass must necessarily be varied and flex-le. The exact methods will not be de-ded upon overnight but will evolve adually as a result of trial and expe-ence.

The Class of 1956, interested in the stitution of this system at Queens, esented to the college two trapezoidal bles with matching chairs to be used as rnishings for group tutorial classrooms. s professor and students sit around e table, a new setting is created; class scussion stilted by rows of chairs gives ay to a free, equal exchange of ex-riences and knowledge by all who e at the table.

The essence of the group tutorial sys-m is, however, not found in the ar-ngement of the room; the table merely rves as a starting point. The ultimate al of the system is that each stu-nt, advanced or slow, study at the ghest level at which he is capable, ided and tutored by the professor. He ll learn by doing outside research nich he will share with the other mem-rs of the class. The professor will metimes lecture, but more often he ll contribute his knowledge through e group discussions. It will be his re-onsibility to recognize the individual eds and potentialities of his students, gear the program of learning to their ilities, and to stimulate them to de-lop the characteristics and attitudes of rue scholar.

This plan, when it has been com-etely worked out, will be a tremendous ide forward in the educational pro-gram of our college. Its fruits will be seen in the faculty and students who discover and maintain the highest ideals of intellectual growth.

—M. W.

New Foreign Students

This year Queens has on her campus two students from foreign countries. Irma Maglio is from Montevideo, Uruguay, and Sylvia Colmore, formerly of Charlotte, now lives in Manila, capital city of the Philippines Islands.

Uruguay, the smallest independent country in South America, is located between Argentina and Brazil. Over half of its population is centered in the capital, Montevideo. As of three years ago, Uruguay's government is centralized, not in one dictator, but in a governing body of nine men; this is one of the reasons why it is the most democratic country on the continent. The majority of the citizens are farmers and gauchos, or cowboys; and the principal languages are Italian and Spanish. The Catholic faith is dominant, but there is freedom of worship.

Irma's father is an importer of European goods, and her mother is a professor of music. When asked how the customs of this country compared with those of Uruguay, Irma stated that on the whole American social practices are much more liberal. She admitted, however, that she had studied the American way of life so was not too surprised by the striking differences.

The Philippines are several separate islands, the main one being Luzon, on which Manila is located. Spanish culture is evident there, particularly among the older, more prominent Filipino families; and in most parts Spanish customs are mixed with those of the natives. Sylvia has lived in Manila since her father, who is associated with Procter & Gamble, was transferred there in 1952.

—B. M.

Dr. Walker Addresses Senior Class

The convocation opening the Centennial Year of Queens College was held, with Jean Trueworthy presiding, on Tuesday, September the twenty-fifth. The Reverend Mr. Chester Alexander, a member of the Board of Trustees, was guest minister, and Patsy Smith, president of the Senior Class, brought greetings from the Centennial graduates. Beth Davis sang a solo, accompanied on the new organ by John D. Morrison, after which Dr. Edwin Walker addressed and recognized the Class of 1957.

Dr. Walker's message was a pertinent one. He reviewed the history of Queens College, stating that the Centennial celebration was an opportunity "to know our parentage, to know the stuff of which we are made, to define and accept the obligations that have been shaped by our history, and to formulate our purposes and dedicate ourselves to the job in the years ahead."

Dr. Walker, the sixteenth president or acting president of the college, reviewed the leaders who have gone before him from Robert Burwell in 1857 down through H. H. Everett, acting president during the freshman year of the Centennial Class. Among others mentioned were William R. Atkinson, Lily W. Long, William H. Frazer, and McAlister Carson, who each have a standing memorial on the campus.

From the Charlotte Female Institute to the Seminary for Girls to the Presbyterian College for Women to Queens College to Queens-Chicora and finally back to Queens—through these designations has the college lived. Each incorporates its own history; each adds its personality to the Queens heritage. Dr. Walker reviewed this background on Senior Recognition Day and brought out other pertinent facts in his address. For a large audience of students, professors, and friends Dr. Walker refreshed a number of memories and contributed to a growing awareness of rich heritage and a purposeful dedication of many present.

—C. H.

Queens Alumnae—Class of 1956

Many people have asked what Queens girls do after they graduate. Following is a list of what the 1956 alumnae are doing now and where they are.

Xanie Ruth Adams is Supervisor of Public Health Nurses, Mecklenburg Health Department, Charlotte. *Mary Mundy Alexander is working under the Duke Graduate Program. She is teaching at Alexander Graham Jr. High School in Charlotte this fall and will be at the Duke Graduate Center in Durham, N. C., after Christmas. *Pat Ballard is Director of Christian Education at St. Mark's Methodist Church, Charleston, West Virginia. *Lynne BARNES Foley is hostess at Pinebrook Inn, Macon, Ga., and David is with the U. S. Air Force. *Anne BECKMAN Martin is teaching at Carr Jr. High School in Durham, N. C., and husband Arthur is studying medicine at Duke University. *Betty Bell is a secretary at Blythe Const. Co., Charlotte. *Rachel Biggers is teaching school at Indian Trail, N. C. *Susan Blondell is living in Alexandria, Virginia, with her parents. *Peggy Brice is teaching school in Edgewater High, Orlando, Fla. We extend to Peggy our sincere sympathy in the loss of her father during the summer. *Cynthia BLUE Overland is teaching first grade at McLean, Va. *Helen Brooks is Clinical Instructor at Presbyterian, Charlotte. *Sally Bullock, Bertha Hamilton, Sydnor Patrick, and Jean Hubbard are doing graduate work at Assembly's Training School, Richmond, Va.

Joyce Burrier is doing graduate work at Duke Divinity School, Durham, N. C. *Marjory CARTER Willis is teaching school at Annan Dale High School, Alexandria, Va. *Helen Colby is doing merchandising at Davison-Paxon Department Store, Atlanta, Ga. *Frankie COMPTON Spencer is secretary in the math dept. at University of North Carolina while Klein continues his studies. *Julia Crews is teaching second grade at Myers Park Elementary School, Charlotte. *Mustafa Dahir is currently in the Orient, but he expects to return soon to Charlotte, where he is connected with the import business. *Margaret DICK Braun is secretary at IBM in Charlotte. *Mary Ann Dover is doing promotional work with Scott, Foresman Pub. Co. in Atlanta. *Margaret (Chess) Duckwall is associated with the Department of Campus Christian Life, Board of Higher Education, Richmond, Va. *Mary Louise Duffie is teaching second grade at Central School, Sumter, S. C. *Jane Emery is working for American Trust Co., Charlotte, N. C. *Virginia Lee Epes is teaching fourth grade in Richmond, Va. *Sara Evans is doing general duty nursing at James Walker Memorial Hospital, Wilmington, N. C. *Edwin Ferguson is an accountant for Steel Service of Carolina, Charlotte. *Pat FESPERMAN Howell is keeping house for her husband in Nashville, Tenn. *Margaret Gary is employed as a secretary in Charlotte. *Lib Grady is working for the North American Insurance Co., Charlotte. *Mitzi Green is teaching English at Stanley High School, Stanley, N. C. *Betty MARTIN Haigler is in Charlotte. *Jeanene Hallman is secretary for Royal Mfg. Co., Charlotte. *Emmie HAY Alexander is teaching at Myers Park High School, Charlotte. *Ann Hayes is secretary for New Departure, Inc., Charlotte. *Elizabeth Jarrett is working for American Oil Co., Charlotte. *Trudy JENNINGS Dietrich is nursing in Champaign, Ill. *Becky Jordan is a chemist for Kendall Mills, Charlotte. *Shirley Joye is teaching Home Economics in Jacksonville, Fla. *Barbara WATKINS Kelca is expecting a new arrival at her home in Charlotte. *Joanna Klutz is teaching in the Lenoir High School System, Lenoir, N. C. *Miriam Link is secretary for Arsenal Hill Presbyterian Church, Columbia, S. C. *Marjorie Lotshaw is attending Richmond Professional Institute, School of Occupational Therapy. *Beth Lowdermilk is teaching in an elementary school in Charlotte. *Esther MASSEY Prince is teaching at Knollwood School, Decatur, Ga., while Marcus continues his studies at Columbia Theological Seminary.

Angeline McCASKILL Smith is teaching at Medlock Elementary School, Atlanta, Ga. *Caroline McIlwaine is teaching first grade at Patrick Henry Elementary School, Martinsville, *Elaine McSWAIN Sipe is teach music in Tacoma, Wash. *Jean Mi is teaching music at Berryhill Sch Charlotte. *Julia Mitchell is teach piano in Valdese, N. C. *Cecile Mo is teaching fifth grade in Richmo Va. *Bobbie Minogue is teaching Ho Economics in Southern High Sch Durham, N. C. *Mary Jo PATT Beaty is living in Chattanooga, Te where she plans to do secretarial w as soon as she and her husband get tled. *Iris PHILLIPS Ostwalt is tea ing third grade in St. Pauls, N. *Mildred Plonk is teaching at Grove Elementary School, Richmo Va. *Betty Nelle Podeyn is teach third grade in Jacksonville, Fla., home town. *Ramona Price is teach third grade in Monroe, N. C.

Anne QUERY Worrell is doing n ing duty in the Pediatrics Dept. Medical College of Virginia, Richmo *June Reid is secretary for Maryl Casualty Co., Charlotte. *Jane ROB SON Walker is nursing in Orlando, *Jacqueline ROLSTON Thompson teaching fifth grade in Glen Allen, *Sue ROSE Miller is a chemist w DuPont in Richmond, Va. *Ann R land is teaching second grade in A andria, Va. *Jessie Scott is secretary Winter Park Presbyterian Church, W mington, N. C. *Lois Scott is do graduate work at Yale Divinity Sch New Haven, Conn. *E. Stuart Sh nonhouse is pastor of Jenny Lind Me odist Church, McKeesport, Pa. wife, Betty May HEATH Shann house, is an alumna. *Worth Spearm Jr. is supervisor of the Camera De at the Addressograph-Multigraph Co Charlotte. *Buel Stevenson is meteo ogist for the U. S. Weather Bureau, tioned on St. Paul Island, Alaska.

Richard Stavrakas is self-employed the restaurant business in Charlo *Ruth RAYL Stewart is doing gradu work at Univ. of Michigan, Ann Ar Mich. *Sylvia STUART Gordon is ing in Baltimore, Md., where her h band is with the Armed Services. *K Stuckey is teaching physical educat at Myers Park High School in Ch lotte. *Barbara Jean Tucker is fash co-ordinator for Efird's Dept. St Charlotte. *Anne Turpin is teaching Myers Park High School. *Jane VI Robinson is teaching at the Br Church School in New York C *Anett BOTOLFSEN Wannamake keeping house for her husband. *M tha TRUMBORE Whittier is liv in Watertown, Mass. *Pat Williams

rned from Europe in late summer and living with her family in Short Hills, J. *Ruth Williams is attending Leir Rhyne College working toward a ching certificate.

The *Quill* is grateful to Mrs. Alice rron, the Alumnae Secretary, who proled and compiled the information for s article.

—S. D.

A CHARGE

(Continued from page 3)

owledge and insights to work and is e logical result of worship and study. The decision to meet the challenge is to *you*. The Christian Association is ective only as you make it so. The binet cannot employ any techniques do the job that is essentially yours. *I re you* to keep a balance of the three ments of *worship, study,* and *action* in ur life. You have been commissioned th a message; the challenge to Chris- n living in this world at this very ment is before you.

FACULTY CHANGES

On the campus of Queens this year n be seen new faces that do not ong to freshmen; they are the new ulty and staff members. Queens is y fortunate to have these new mem- s; each and every one is well quali- d, and an asset to his or her depart- nt and the college staff as a whole.

Nancy Barron is replacing Emily nry as assistant to the dean of stu- nts and resident counselor. Miss Bar- n received her A.B. degree from ieens in 1953, and was Director of ristian Education at the White Me- rial Presbyterian Church in Raleigh m 1953 until 1956. Another alumna Queens, Caroline Love, is taking Mrs. od's place as acting registrar. Miss ve received her A.B. degree from eens in 1955, and last year taught the Charlotte Country Day School. ss Katherine Knight is also a new dition to the Admissions Office; she an admissions counselor.

Replacing Miss Rena Harrell as li- rian is Miss Anna L. Weaver. Miss eaver received her B.A. degree from e University of Rochester, and her B.S. in Library Science from Simmons College. She has served as a librarian at the Baker Library, Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Pan American World Airways, Eastman Kodak Company and Rollins College.

As the new dietitian Queens has Mrs. Annie-Flagg Ward. Mrs. Ward attended the Florida State University where she received her B.S degree; she has also received seventeen graduate credits in nutrition and restaurant and hotel management. Mrs. Ward taught home economics for four years before holding the position of dietitian in both the Seminole Club Cafeteria and the main kitchen at Florida State University.

In the Psychology Department Dr. Carl M. Cochrane is taking the place of Dr. Caroline MacBrayer as assistant professor of psychology. Dr. Cochrane received his A.B. degree from Guilford College in 1950; he later attended the University of North Carolina, where he was awarded his Ph.D. in 1956. Dr. Cochrane has had clinical experience in the VA hospitals in Richmond, Fayetteville, and Durham, and also in the Department of Psychological Services, North Carolina Memorial Hospital, Chapel Hill.

Added to our Bible and religion department is Mr. Stuart D. Currie. Mr. Currie received his B.S. degree from the University of Texas, and his B.D. degree from Austin Presbyterian Seminary, and he has done graduate work at the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and at Emory University in Atlanta. During his years of study, Mr. Currie has received various scholarship recognitions; also he has held pastorates in Haskell and Taylor, Texas, and Fulton, Missouri.

As an associate professor of biology, Dr. Jack H. Fehon has been added to the faculty. Dr. Fehon completed his studies at the University of Florida, where he received his B.S. degree and M.S. degree. He obtained his Ph.D. at the Florida State University, and also taught there for a while.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Garrett comes to Queens as an instructor in home economics. She attended Texas State College for Women, there receiving her B.S. degree; she also taught at Texas Christian University before coming to Queens.

Several capable additions have been made to the Queens music department. Miss Margaret Gaston, instructor in music to teach children's piano, received her Bachelor of Music degree from Converse College. Miss Gaston was a teacher of piano at Converse College and in Lenoir, North Carolina; she is also a member of Pi Kappa Lambda. As an instructor in music (voice) and secretary in the music department, Queens has Mrs. Jane Frazier Rolandi. Mrs. Rolandi received the B.M. degree from Salem College, studied with Clifford Bair, and did advanced study in New York with Ettore Verna. Mrs. Rolandi sang for a year with New Orleans Opera Association, for two seasons with the San Carlo Opera Company, and for one session with the Lyric Opera Association in Washington. For the past year she has been on the staff of the Winston-Salem Arts Council. Mr. Robert A. Snyder is the new associate professor of music (violin). Mr. Snyder attended the University of Illinois, where he received his B.S. and M.S. degrees. He then taught in the public schools of Colfax, Illinois; last year he was a member of

(Continued on page 14)

Keep Queens Clean

As a result of serious concern for the campus on the part of the administration and student leaders, Boarding Student Council has organized a campaign, the motto of which is "Keep Queens Clean." A major part of this project will be a competition among the dormitories to determine which is the neatest and most attractive. A committee of students and faculty will inspect the dorms regularly, and at the end of the semester a prize of thirty-five dollars will be awarded to the chosen hall, to be used in any way the students desire.

In addition to this award special privileges will be granted to those students keeping the five best rooms in each of the dormitories. It is hoped that this contest will serve to arouse student concern for this matter thereby to maintain the beauty of the grounds and buildings.

—B. M.

---

from the quill

A CENTENNIAL PURPOS

At the mention of the word *chivalry* there comes trooping into the mind's eye a progression of dazzling images. Gay pennants flutter atop a pinnacled castle. Oaken doors creak over a moat as visored knights ride forth on prancing steeds, the finest of manhood combatting the forces of evil. Stalwart pilgrims trudge dusty roads in a mystic search for the Grail. Jousting lances clang as knights tangle in a swirl of dust.

Yet chivalry embodies more than a feudal dignity or a military institution of a rich and turbulent era. This was an age of noble aspiration. A knight cherished the ideals of honor, courage, and loyalty. For this reason this *Qu* begins with a knight; the red, white, and blue colors sy bolize his purity of faith, the blue ribbon of honor, a the red badge of courage. It is also fitting that the chos leaders of Queens begin this Centennial year with a cha to each member of the student body.

—S.

YOUR ATTENDANCE WANTE

On our campus we have some future concert artists. Some day it will cost a great deal to hear them perform. Right now, it costs absolutely nothing to hear these concerts. But do we attend these recitals? No, there's usually a movie on that we would rather see, or we prefer bridge to music, or we excuse ourselves with "I simply have too much to do!"

Occasionally we have drama groups to present plays, such as the Red and Black Masquers from Davidson or the Gardner-Webb Players, and it certainly is embarrassing to have only 30 or 40 students attend. Of course we excuse ourselves with "If it weren't for these teachers, I could go somewhere sometime."

The truth of the matter is that the only time we ev go to any of the activities in Ninniss is when attendan is compulsory. We are not often prevented because of wo or time; rather we often merely don't want to go, and hate to admit it to ourselves. All of us should start this ye off with the thought that we can always find time for wh we really want to do. And what we ought to do is to ta advantage of all these wonderful cultural opportunities have!

—P.

THE CUT SYSTE

One of the bones of contention on the Queens campus seems to be the cut system. The faculty has one view of it, and the students have another, and the two groups evidently cannot meet on common ground.

As I understand it, the committee who worked out the program gave the students the right to cut each of their classes twenty per cent of the time. It is up to the discretion of each student to decide how many cuts she wants to take. These two statements are inferred from the faculty regulations in the handbook. If the student feels that she can cut a class twenty per cent of the time and maintain the quality of work that she thinks she should do, she ought to be able to take her cuts. Many teachers, however, evidently think they have the right to prevent students from cutting th classes by showing dissatisfaction in various ways when th do. This is entirely unfair.

If the faculty committee allowed eight cuts per class, t student should have the right to take them without fe of incurring anyone's disapproval or being made to fe like some sort of criminal. College students should be m ture enough to make their own decisions; and, if they a not, they have no business in college.

—S. A.

Queens College

Charlotte, N. C.

ear Dr. Boner:

Within the heart of everyone there is the desire and need r expression. For some people, this desire is a little hard realize because the means whereby it might be fulfilled e not as evident or accessible to some as they are to others. ttribute it to what you will—to shyness, embarrassment, ar of reproach—but whatever the cause, this hesitancy to press one's feelings often results in the loss of an opportnity to do so. Perhaps it is because people so often take her people, especially friends, for granted; and it is only ter these friends are gone that those left behind realize ow much they meant and how many things had been left nsaid between them. It is then that the desire to tell the her person what he has meant returns and seeks acknowlgement.

Now this is all by way of explaining the reason for my riting you. This letter is not just from me, however, but om everyone here at Queens who knew you, both as a ofessor and as a friend. You see, there are some things hich we somehow never got around to saying to you while u were here—things which we want you to know.

I must be frank and say that this is no easy task, for some elings lie beyond the reach of common words. Would at I could, like the poets of old, invoke some kindly Muse aid me. But please know that these words, faltering and ept though they may be, are written in sincerity and seek express a few of the thoughts common to many of us re.

First of all, I want to say "thank you," because a feeling gratitude underlies and prompts all else that I shall say. ratitude is always greatest on the part of those who feel at they have been given much more than they could ever ve in return, and that is the way it is with us students. though we perhaps never told you, we were conscious the time and energy that you devoted to us, both in class d outside of the classroom. We realize that those wellganized, stimulating lectures that you presented, the wellought-out study questions designed to guide and aid us studying, and the fair, practical tests which were, literally, arning devices, did not just happen haphazardly or with minimum of effort on your part. Rather they evidenced urs of serious thought and careful planning made truly fective by your genuine interest in us and in your subject. his interest manifested itself in other ways, too. It took u beyond the specific duties of a professor and prompted u to meet us more than halfway by sacrificing your own ne, precious little that you had, for such things as "skull ssions" several afternoons preceding a test and private nferences for anyone who desired them. We thank you, , for giving of yourself so energetically and unhesitatingly!

Letter To A Friend

Thank you for making us think (even though you sometimes had to push us into it) on a practical plane—to think about the world in which we live, not only as we would like it to be, but as it is, facing the problems squarely, considering all viewpoints, pointing out the fallacies as we saw them, and in other ways taking a realistic approach to the questions and problems that affect our daily living in this modern age. You did this skillfully because you knew your subject so well; and we, as students, thank you for that. We respected your knowledge, doubly so because you knew so well how to disseminate it to us in a clear and interesting manner.

Yes, unquestionably, you commanded our respect for you as a teacher—respect heightened by our liking for you as a person. Unlike most of us, you were never too busy to stop for a friendly chat; never too engrossed in your own problems to give a sympathetic ear to ours; never too worried or harassed to cheer us with some sprightly witticism. You taught us a lesson in daily living.

I could continue indefinitely; for, even as I write, my mind speeds ahead, recalling numerous incidents in which you endeared yourself to me and others during your brief stay with us. As we think on all these things, all that you have done for us and given to us, we are almost overcome with a sense of loss and find ourselves waiting expectantly for your return. Of course, this is selfishness on our part; we are thinking only of ourselves. Forgetting ourselves, we realize that you have gone on to richer areas of service far beyond our comprehension. We comfort ourselves with the thought that, having done your job well here, you have gone on as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" to give others the benefit of your training, experience, and wisdom. Fortunate, indeed, are they, and fortunate, too, are we for having known you and studied under you.

Today you are absent from our campus; but this absence will not mean forgetfulness, for greatness is not soon forgotten. You will live in our hearts because of what you have done. Your time here was well spent; for, as William James once said, "The great use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it"; and this you have done most laudably.

With gratitude,

Jean Trueworthy

Browsing . . .

NEW PERSPECTIVE FOR NEW TESTAMENT

J. B. Phillips: *New Testament Christianity*. 107 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1956. $2.25.

New Testament Christianity—with a sigh and a yawn the imaginary critic might glimpse the much-used term and shelve these 107 pages, presuming them to be another distillation of the teachings of those early Christian documents known as the New Testament. In the nineteen hundred years since God became Man, the miraculous fervor and faith-giving power of the early Christian movement has become a hazy and doubtful phenomenon, a wishful dream in the heart of our Church, suffering from over-organization and a sometimes labored movement. Time has imposed problems and divisions, eclipsing the miracle and leaving only the period's documents. In answer to our criticisms, J. B. Phillips furnishes not his own version of these early doctrines and particular dogmas, but, instead, a refreshing wind of new perspective that blows through ten short chapters of insight into the qualities and roots of *New Testament Christianity*.

Idea and inspiration for the book were a direct outgrowth of Phillips's extensive experience as a New Testament translator. *Letters to Young Churches, The Gospels,* and *The Young Church in Action* are well-known and widely-read translations which led to speaking engagements and resulting discussions. It was during these discussions that Phillips was again and again faced with the question of his meaning of "New Testament Christianity." The hunger for a renewal of that zestful living constantly confronted Phillips, who saw "thousands of people who are sick of narrowness and churchiness and who long for fresh air of the New Testament." From these questions, this longing, and the author's insight comes this book.

(Continued on page 12)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

Long Day's Journey into Night, Eugene O'Neill, Yale University Press (New Haven), February, 1956. $3.75.

Three years after the death of Eugene O'Neill, his wife released for publication one of the last plays to be written by America's greatest dramatist. *Long Day's Journey into Night* is an autobiographical account of the psychological stress which O'Neill underwent on the day when he was committed to a tuberculosis sanitorium. Inseparable from the portrayal of his own mental suffering is the revelation of his family's reaction to it—the unpleasant memories and painful admissions which rear up in each member's mind during this day of critical depression.

The elder Tyrone (the surname which O'Neill uses in the play) is a retired actor who gave up his ambition to become a great Shakespearean interpreter for the quicker fame of acting in the light romances which were extremely popular in his day. O'Neill's mother, Mary Tyrone, a supposedly cured dope addict, flees on this long, unhappy day back into her world of hazy dreams rather than accept the fact of her youngest son's condition. Jamie, the only other offspring, is a drunken idler who has undertaken to educate his younger brother in the ways of the world. He admits, on their last day together, that his efforts to lead Eugene along dissolute paths were not motivated by comradely love, but by careful envy lest his little brother rise above him in accomplishment, which for Jamie had been nil. Last of the family is Eugene, or Edmund Tyrone, as he calls himself in the play. Toward his father, Edmund expresses only pity and disgust. Mixed with strong love for his mother are feelings of guilt which spring from the fact that her habit of taking narcotics was begun during a painful illness which she contracted at his birth. Edmund seems to enjoy his brother's companionship, but admires neither Jamie n himself. Within such an atmosphere r e g r e t and self-accusation, Euge O'Neill spent what he then believ to be the last day of his life, if not his existence.

Of course, we now know that O'Nei stay in the sanatorium was of only months' duration, and that in that ti he gathered up his hitherto unbrid energies and began to think towards t direction which they eventually to But the period of aimlessness, bewild ment, and insecurity, which is convi ingly presented in *Long Day's Journ into Night,* had a recognizable effect his mature works, all of which d with the individual's desire to belong and be needed by a life in which can find some powerful meaning. *Lo Day's Journey* is unflinching yet sym thetic in its treatment of a painful s ment of O'Neill's past. To read it will an illuminating experience for those w have puzzled over some of its autho other plays; a stimulating one for th who have not.

—Susan Sha

ROMANTIC NOVEL OF HIGH FINANCE

Cash McCall, Cameron Hawl Houghton Mifflin Company, 19 586 pp., $3.50.

From the bustling city of Philadelp comes *Cash McCall,* a fast-moving no about big business and its influence the personal lives of some of the rich people in America. Cash McCall, handsome and clever businessman forty, has made several million doll in the selling and re-selling of la companies all over the United States. bachelor, McCall lives in a thousa dollar-a-month apartment in the Ho Ivanhoe, home of the famous Fontai bleau Room, the most expensive eati place in Philadelphia.

Conflict arises when Grant Aust president and controlling stockholder the Suffolk Moulding Company, p his business on the market for sale. Ca McCall, being the highest bidder, b the company for two million dolla a handsome sum which is far more th Austen has expected.

Austen's daughter Lory discovers t the man who has bought her fathe company is the same man with wh she had fallen in love four years a while visiting in Maine. When she a McCall come face to face again as t

(Continued on page 12)

Worth Your While

The almost fantastic sinking of the *Andrea Doria* this summer brought back memories of the two most famous ship disasters of our time, the sinking by an iceberg of the *Titanic* and the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*. Two recent books recreate in vivid terms the last days and hours of these two mighty liners.

Walter Lord's *A Night to Remember* is the gripping story of the sinking of the *Titanic*. It presents the tragedy as viewed from the eyes of the different classes of passengers and crews. Too much in the past the tendency has been to recount only the story of the many famous people on board and the more important members of the crew and not to mention the hundreds of second- and third-class passengers who perished. Alfred Lord presents in many intimate scenes a complete view of this famous ship disaster. The reader becomes fascinated by the drama which reoccurs before his very eyes, and it is understandable why the television production of this book was a tremendous success.

The Last Voyage of the Lusitania by W. A. and Mary Hoehling is a recounting of the last week of the liner *Lusitania*, torpedoed by the Germans off the coast of Ireland during World War I. Because the *Lusitania* went down so quickly, it is perhaps not so dramatic a story as that of the *Titanic*. But the vivid description of those terror-packed minutes and the long hours in the water make for absorbing reading. Though not as well-written as Alfred Lord's work, the Hoehlings' book is a valuable and important contribution to the history of our modern ships.

Those who were saddened by the closing of Ringling Brothers' circus will do well to read Fred Bradna's *The Big Top*. Mr. Bradna was for almost half a century head equestrian director, erroneously called the ringmaster by laymen, of this most famous circus organization. In a simple and direct manner Mr. Bradna tells of the most memorable happenings during his long acquaintance with the circus. A multitude of fabulous people and animals are met by the reader. Events ranging from comedy to tragedy amuse and thrill the reader of this enjoyable book.

Houses Virginians Have Loved by Agnes Rothery tours via book Virginia's many beautiful and famous homes as well as many that are not well known. This book is profusely illustrated with

(Continued on page 12)

A Look at a Political Boss

O'Conner, Edwin; *The Last Hurrah*, Little, Brown and Company, Boston: 1956. $4.00.

With the heightened concern in all things political because of the forthcoming presidential election, it is with great interest that we view Edwin O'Conner's timely novel, *The Last Hurrah*. This book tells the story of the political boss at the turn of the twentieth century, the figurehead of a city who dominated the very lives of the people, building up or tearing down both the bad and the good with equal fervor when it was necessary for his own purpose. *The Last Hurrah* deals with the great power of one man and how he used this power, even to the fantastic manipulation of those who knew him only by name.

In his own way, Frank Skeffington was almost a dictator. He dominated everything in his city, and those who outwardly opposed him were few. There were many who hated him with an alarming intensity, and there were those who were dedicated to him with every fiber of their being. With the exception of quiet talks among the people and the lambasting of one newspaper, however, the opposition was nearly a silent one, while the shouts of the loyal were heard in every quarter. Frank Skeffington himself was a man that was loved, feared, or hated.

Born of an Irish family in the slums of his city, he had raised himself through politics to become its mayor and had at one time been governor of his state. Even in his prominent position, however, he stood on the heights alone. He was a widower whose only son had been a great disappointment to him; the only resemblance the son bore to the elder Skeffington was his looks. Skeffington's political associates were necessarily unavailable for private confidences; so, in spite of his power, he was completely alone. When Adam Caulfield, Skeffington's nephew, returned to the city, ironically enough, with a job on the opposition paper, the aging politician was quick to offer Adam a chance to accompany him as a sort of bystander in his campaign for re-election as mayor. We, the readers, are thus offered the same opportunity through Adam. The politician's amazingly complex, sometimes disgusting, though charming, character traits are revealed through the exciting turns and twists of the election campaign; through it we discover Frank Skeffington.

An interesting example of the combination of the good and the bad in Skeffington is shown by the early morning court held in his home. Every morning before going to his office, Skeffington opened his home to the people of the city for suggestions and complaints. Ever since he had been mayor he had done this, and the people came in droves—seldom to suggest, often to complain, and more often to ask favors. Some, the poor and the reprobates, came for personal reasons, to ask money for debts, or even for a square meal. Some, the more ambitious, came asking for city jobs, for college recommendation, or for a city bid. They came, all for different reasons; and they were never turned away unsatisfied. They left, all declaring the grace and goodness of the man and bound to the promise of a vote and undying loyalty. Needless to say, the money doled out to needy citizens did not come out of the great man's pocket but out of the city treasury; and the favors given were sooner or later returned with interest in one way or another.

The book itself is a powerful display of both whimsical humor and pathos. It is full of exciting dramatic moments. Most of all, it is a subtle book, leaving its judgment to the readers, who will probably be divided in their opinions of the character study of this great fictional politician who is himself a political era. He must be called great even though there is much of the bad mingled with the good in his greatness. Because of this, however, Frank Skeffington is movingly human. First and foremost, he is a clever, skillful, and charming politician who controls a city; second, he is a man, lonely even with all his power. Known by many, he is friend of few. Political associates, demanding constituents, or opposing forces are his city. It has been said that this book is the love story of a man for his city, a man who has known the lowest depths of its slums and has attained its greatest heights of honor. This is true; his love, however, is the kind of love which must possess completely in order to love. In contrast is the hatred of the people who abhor his possession.

This is a dynamic book of opposing emotions with a delightful touch of Irish humor in contrast to its intensity. The character of Frank Skeffington is

(Continued on page 14

NEW PERSPECTIVE

(Continued from page 10)

Phillips is concerned with what he terms a superhuman quality of living, rooted in the personal visit of God to this planet. The inhabitants of the Visited Planet have access to the resources of an unseen world of Reality, and it is the author's belief that these resources are as available today as they were nineteen centuries ago. New Testament Christians, as human as we, possessed the means which our timidity, rigidity, prejudices, and preconceived ideas block. It is Phillips's intention to examine anew the leading characteristics of these early lives. Essential, he says, for present Christians is "so to present the Character and Purpose of God that men and women will seek in it not so much individual salvation (though that is included), but a worthwhile Cause with which people will joyfully cooperate and to which they will willingly give their adult loyalty."

The typical Phillips style never borders on dryness. His language and movement involuntarily capture the interest of the reader, who cannot help chuckling at least once or twice, particularly at the entrance of visiting angels, Phillips's special imaginative touch. Phillips readers will welcome this latest work, whereas others will find the book a convincing introduction. *New Testament Christianity* speaks to our day, especially to the questioning Christian who yearns for a re-vitalized Church. The book arrests the attention at first glance, but it is more particularly a book for the student to ponder for a continuing flow of inspiration and fortification.

—Blue Calhoun

WORTH YOUR WHILE

(Continued from page 11)

many beautiful photographs of interior and exterior scenes. Though the text at times becomes burdened with tiresome details of family history, many fascinating incidents and facts are brought to light by this industrious writer. If for no other purpose, this big and valuable book offers many ideas for those who are planning to build a home in the future and for those who enjoy nothing better than sitting back and wishing.

—Gary Brady

ROMANTIC NOVEL

(Continued from page 10)

sale of the Suffolk Moulding Compar is completed, they both realize that the feelings of four years ago have n changed. As McCall and Lory begin see more of each other, McCall mak a tremendous business transaction in th resale of the Suffolk Moulding Co pany for 300,000 shares of Andscott I strument stock valued at $3,000,000

What Lory and Cash do when Auste discovers McCall's million-dollar pr it and goes to court with a charge conspiracy against Cash and his bu ness associates makes an interesting ar exciting story. Informative, too, are th intricacies of the action of big busine in one of the largest cities of the n tion. Scenes in the plush lobby of th Hotel Ivanhoe and the beautiful cou try homes of suburban Philadelphi along with the conflicts of such pe sonalities as Maude Kennard, the chan ing but ruthless hostess of the Fontain bleau Room, and Will Atherson, pre dent of the Freeholders' Bank and Tru Company, make *Cash McCall* one the better novels of twentieth-centu life.

—Hobby Abernet

6 CONVENIENT OFFICES LOCATED IN CHARLOTTE

THE UNION NATIONAL BANK OF CHARLOTTE

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

LOVE versus HATE

Taylor Caldwell, McGraw Hill Company, 1956, $3.50, 422 pp. *The Tender Victory.*

This is the story of individual love versus universal hate. Do not shy away from such a general introduction. The book is enlightening. Certainly it will pull you from the rut of the usual novel and ride you down the pavement of individuality to new thoughts and spiritual problems.

John Fletcher, a young minister who has a realization of the universal God, returns from service in World War II to a small pastorate in a coal mining town, Barryfield. This may not sound too unusual until you learn that with him come five war orphans whose physical bodies have received maltreatment and whose spiritual equilibriums have been wrecked by lack of love and devotion. How interesting are the actions of children and especially these as they develop in their newly founded family group. It is their "Papa's" struggle to restore their health and give them a faith in God.

At the same time he must care for his parishioners in whom he wishes to arouse an awareness of their gross sin—poor citizenship in the Kingdom of God. John Fletcher is also challenged and confronted by a very liberal newspaper editor of Barryfield. Meanwhile, the editor's daughter falls in love with the minister and endorses his beliefs and actions.

A study of American Communism is the sub-plot to the main theme. This, however, is not the communism of television mysteries or McCarthy hearings. It is the communism in which you are involved. It is that which signs its name to good works and progress and is acceptable to those who are full of self-pity and who lack appreciation for their opportunities. If communism sounds almost stale to you, this book will quicken your awareness to this problem.

It is only fair to warn that the action in the novel drags in places and that the plain of events sometimes appears too evident. For these reasons, the style of the book may seem high schoolish, but its subject matter is quite interesting to a college-level mind.

—Roxana Mebane

MUSIC REVIEW . . .

Coci's Recital

Claire Coci in her recital on October the ninth brought the campus in contact with the world of concert organ performance; the effect was impressive and spectacular. Miss Coci's magnetic personality and her high degree of technical skill won for her prolonged applause when the performance came to an end. Perhaps most significant is the fact that she enabled us to hear something of the character of the organ itself and to realize the great possibilities of expression within the instrument.

The program obviously was planned for the purpose of demonstrating these possibilities. It contained principally music of the Romantic period, with compositions of Bach and Brahms and the more recent work of Franck providing balance and variety. In respect to general characteristics many of the numbers were similar, although they differed in shades of volume. The magnificent quality of the organ was introduced in Bach's "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," often cited as the composer's greatest work. The number was a masterpiece in sound even to those not so familiar with its intricately woven form. Colorful and brilliant, it was perhaps the highlight of the program. In striking contrast to the Bach was the soft, singing quality of the "Chorale Prelude" of Brahms. The Liszt Prelude and Fugue was a stirring and rather elaborate enlargement of a simple theme; here the spectacular qualities of the instrument were demonstrated to advantage. Among the shorter French numbers was Langlais' "Chant de Paix," which created effectively the impressionistic suggestion of floating vapors in a veiled atmosphere. A more active Langlais number was the pedal solo, a breath-taking display of footwork.

During the second half of the program Miss Coci wove a clear visual image of a spinner in Dupre's "Fileuse," and with "Variations sur un Noel" by the same composer the program ended. The performance, however, continued with two interesting encores: "The Cuckoo" by d'Aquin and "Toccata," an exciting contemporary work of the Dutch composer Monnikendam. At Mrs Belk's request for a hymn, Miss Coci brought the evening to a close by playing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

In many ways the program was a challenge. It required diligent concentration of the inexperienced listener, and of the students who attended it required premiumed week-night hours; but to all who were present the evening signified a promising future for organ performance on this campus. The recital gave us a glimpse into the thrilling realm of music from an exceptional instrument in the hands of a competent performer.

Miss Coci enhanced for us the position of the woman organist, and her performance at the organ kindled more deeply within us that gratitude which we feel toward the Belk associates for their gift to Queens.

—Blue Calhoun

NEW QUEENS HYMN

Very soon the walls of the one-hundred-year-old Queens College will echo with the voices of her students proudly singing the new hymn. This hymn is the combined effort of last spring's creative writing class. The goal of these students was to compose a hymn that would be typical of Queens College. They also agreed that this hymn should be one the words of which would have significance for former Queens students, present Queens students, and future Queens students. The music, derived from an old hymn, was selected for its versatility.

The hymn will not necessarily replace the Alma Mater; yet it is anticipated that it will be used for dignified occasions in the future.

Both students and faculty anxiously await the presentation of the new Queens hymn, the lines of which are as follows.

(Continued on page 14)

Student Wins Award

Carol Harvey, a sophomore at Queens College, has won fourth place in the Roberts Editorial Award Series of 1956. The award was given Carol for her paper, "Alcoholism, Moderation, or Abstinence." Her prize of twenty-five dollars was presented by the Intercollegiate Association of Alcohol Studies at the University of Chicago on September 5. Last spring Carol received a ten dollar scholarship to attend the School of Alcohol Studies. Several of the winning editorials are to be published in whole or in part in the October issue of "The International Student," and there is a possibility that Carol's paper may be printed. Carol plans to submit another editorial on the 1957 theme for the Roberts Series, "Alcohol and Safety."

—G. G.

NEW QUEENS HYMN

(Continued from page 13)

Guardian bright, our Alma Mater,
Molder of our hearts and minds,
Light high visions in thy daughters
And a loyalty that binds.

Gladly do we lift our voices,
Pledging thee our faith and love,
Teach our minds and hearts to follow
Him who leads us from above.

Living truth is ever ringing—
Tune our ears to hear that chime.
Lasting wisdom peace is bringing—
Lead us in her way sublime.

Queens, to thee we pledge our spirits,
Ever thine, a loyal band.
Queens, thy praises we are singing,
Grateful for thy guiding hand.

—G. G.

A LOOK AT A POLITICAL BOSS

(Continued from page 11)

revealed slowly with clever insights into his personality, allowing the reader to absorb it fully. Throughout the pages of this novel, we learn as much of him as it is possible to know. Forever there will be a certain aura of mystery around his complete personality and motives.

Frances Ramse

FACULTY CHANGES (Continued)

the faculty of Shorter College, Rome, Georgia. Added to the staff as an assistant professor of music (children's piano) and resident counselor, is Miss Marie Johnson. Miss Johnson attended Greensboro College and Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, receiving her B.M. and M.M. degrees respectively. Miss Johnson was a past director of youth choirs and young people's work of the First Methodist Church, Salem, Virginia; she also taught private piano lessons in the Lumberton City Schools. From 1951 until 1956 Miss Johnson taught at Morehead State College, Morehead, Kentucky.

In the art department is Mr. Philip Moose, who also teaches in the Evening College. Mr. Moose received his art training at Stevens School, Rockport, Massachusetts; National Academy, New York City; Tiffany Foundation, Columbia University Art School; Skowhegan School of Painting in Maine; Taxco School of Art, Mexico; and Academy of Fine Arts, Munich. For two years Mr. Moose was professor of fine arts at Davidson. His paintings are owned by numerous museums in the United States and England and he has had numerous one-man and group exhibitions. Mr. Moose has also received such awards as the Pulitzer Art, Tiffany, and Fulbright.

In the place of Mr. Hadley as speech professor is Dr. Mildred Weeks Prince. Dr. Prince did her undergraduate wo at Radcliffe College, and received h doctorate from Smith College in 194 Dr. Prince then taught English at Smi College and was head of the Engli Department of the Mary A. Burnha School for Girls in Northampton.

Two new history professors have co this year to Queens. Dr. C. Loui Salley, visiting professor of history, tended the University of Tennesse there receiving her B.A. degree; she o tained her M.S. degree from Duke U versity, and her Ph.D. from the Univ sity of Michigan. Dr. Salley is a p member of the history department Florida State University; she also taug at Mary Hardin-Baylor College, Belto Texas. Mr. David Alan Williams, sistant professor of history, received B.A. degree from Westminster Colle his M.A. degree from Northwest U versity, and is candidate for a Ph. from Northwestern in 1957. Mr. W liams previously was a teaching assi ant at Northwestern.

In our dining hall, Queens is ve fortunate to have Mrs. Madeleine Hearn, the new dining hall supervis and Mrs. Russell Boner, hostess. Diana's Den Mrs. Ora Lee Jordan working with Mrs. Kelly as the assista manager, and in the post office M Theodore Greer is receiving clerk.

—J.

The Smartest Thing You Wear Is

Your Hair

MYERS PARK
Beauty Salon

Completely Air-Cooled
Henri Bendel Preparations Are Ours Exclusively

Phone ED 2-5031 Huntley Pl. at Providence Road

refuge

Susan Thomas

The ancient bus heaved to a stop; its driver braced resolutely. Across the yard of the grammar school scampered book-satchel-bedecked pixies, gay and rowdy as only youth can be when released from the clutches of a day of classes. They shoved and squeezed through the door, each intent on being one of the few lucky enough to get a seat. Then at last came the "cow's tail," who had been clopping along doggedly, doing her best to keep up with her friends. As the chubby little girl got on, she didn't scamper or hop around as the others had. Instead, she gave another tug to the satchel on her back and sighed wearily as she lumbered clumsily toward the rear of the bus.

An elderly passenger observed the flushed cheeks and round stomach and looked sympathetically down at the thin, pale child seated beside her. The expression on her face revealed sympathy for the chubby school-girl. Across the aisle a prim secretary looked at the tousled hair, run-down shoes, and strained belt for an instant, then turned her eyes away as she sedately smoothed the slim skirt of her fashionable tweed suit. Childhood's cruelty, completely void of such subtlety, shot cutting jokes at the fat child's appearance. They saw only a round face, pudgy limbs, and a grotesquely swollen body which was funny to them because it was unlike theirs. They were too young to see the unhappiness that hovered behind her self-conscious blush; too young to realize what misery and silent sorrow lay hidden in the deep blue eyes. So they laughed; and as they laughed an overweight little girl quietly sank into a shell, hating her fatness. Deep down in her heart she loathed the dresses which were older in design but had to be in order to cover her, the scuffed brown oxfords that substituted practicality for style. She despaired at wispy hair which never curled quite right, legs that became tired when they had to carry her more than a short distance and never seemed able to run as quickly as other children's did, hands that always seemed to lay themselves onto food, and eyes which couldn't resist anything edible. She hated all these things which set her apart from the other children; and she hated the children themselves. Their mockery and silly mimicking of obesity pounded into her head. Each cruel jest or joke cut through her young heart and left a wound that would recur with each new one.

She wished—as she often did—that for once she could be slender and pretty. Then they'd see. They would know how wrong they had been. But even more than she wanted to show them, she wanted to be *like* them. How she would love running about on the playground as they did instead of puffing along behind and, finally, having to quit and sit by because her lungs felt as though they would burst any minute from the effort of labored breathing. Her misted eyes coveted the daintily ruffled blouses, bright red or yellow dresses, plaid skirts, and trim Mary Jane slippers on the other girls. The tousled little head sank quietly to her tear-stained chest.

Gradually the group of children diminished until there were none left. New passengers getting onto the bus paid scant attention to the little fat child crouched in one corner of a back seat. She sat there and she thought. Countless dreams whirled around in her mind—dreams of all the things she *could* do and clothes she *could* wear . . . if only she were slim. But she wasn't.

Then something began to happen. An idea crept slowly and cautiously out from the dark recesses of her mind. It grew and grew, faster and faster like a snowball rolling down a steep hill; and as it grew she lifted her head and her round little cheeks began to shine. There in an instant she knew what she would do—what she had to do. If the chubby limbs and obese torso were gone, then the children would no longer have anything to laugh at. All her old dresses and things would have to be discarded for cute, youthful ones. It was so simple that she was almost afraid to dare think it: a diet. Secretly she'd just make herself refuse so many of the delicious things loved so well. Then one wonderful day, all at once, everyone would look at her and blink his eyes in amazement. That chubby little girl they once knew—that ugly duckling—had transformed herself into a curly-headed, slim young lady clad in a beautiful red velvet dress!

Dazed in wonderful dreams, she stepped absently off the bus. There on the corner, like a sudden threat, stood the neighborhood drug store. With grim determination she turned her head aside and strode quickly by. Safely away, the girl paused, turned, and looked back at her first temptation. Head back and humming gaily to herself, she turned and continued homeward. Why, that hadn't been so hard, and she felt slimmer already. She ran through the kitchen, tossed her book satchel absently on the hall table, and began to climb the steps quickly. The steep stairs, which usually exhausted her, were mere skipping blocks today. She dashed toward her mother's bedroom, eager to share the wonderful

Continued on Page 20)

Poetry

TORNADO

Laura Prince

After the serene echoes of summer dusk,
After the swelling silence of the lake,
After all hope is put aside,
Only agony of mind and soul remains.
House and home and hut
Of common birth in strength and pride,
We who remain are now waiting
With a little fear.

Here is no calm, but only confusion.
Noise and no calm and merciless wind.
The wind ever closer, jerking the grass,
Which is withered and wrinkled without water.
If there were coolness we would not sit here
Between boards which cannot turn away.
Boards are mute, and hands are in the lap.
If there were only coolness among the grass.
Wood of lifeless substance that must not hear—
Hear the wind the oncoming tear of space.
There is not even peace in the wood,
Sear, crumbling wood without rain.
There is no solace in the air,
Only pulsing heat wavers and wilts
From flesh of burning dread.
If there were coolness
And no noise.
River, rush on to sea.
White candle, gently glow.
On the perfumed breeze of night
There drifts a song.

Is there no coolness among the dust?
If there were only the lowing sounds,
Not the terrible noise
And the ancient oak groaning,
But coolness of feet that are bare,
Running over pine needles and moss.
Brush—Brush—Brush—Brush.
But coolness is not here.

Who are the young ones who have gone away?
Who has left the grey hairs alone?
Grey hairs whitened in the rising wind.
Forever gone are the ones who were here.
Forever gone the smooth skin—the brown skin.
We do not understand their hiding place,
But only hope in vain for their return.

What is that rumbling sound in the night?
Whine of endless ties and tracks.
What are those ageless noises
Silenced only by the dry weeds?
The lights over the barn door
Burst and burst and burst in the violent light.
Tumbling, crumbling timbers.
Springfield! Wakefield!
Youngsfield! Huntsfield!
Now ghos

River, rush on to sea.
White candle, flicker low.

Swish Swish Swish Swish!

On the perfumed breeze of night
Drifts a song.

ARGENT SPLENDOR

Sarah Ann Smit

The moon shines silvery on the placid lake;
Its beams shed forth their light upon the sand,
Leaving a dream-like softness in their wake
And lending an enchantment to the land.

The stars be-sprinkle brilliantly the sky,
Illuminating it with diamond glow;
And trees beneath are silhouetted darkly
As breezes gently sway them to and fro.

I tour the sandy beach in lonely state,
Oblivious of all but moonbeam light,
And wander slowly on at peaceful rate,
Intoxicated by the lovely night.

The calmness of the scene invades my soul;
I feel myself a part of nature's whole.

ALONE

Mary Allred

Darkness blankets the earth.
The moon keeps her silent vigil
Over the slumbering world.
All is still
Save a breath of wind
That ripples through the grasses.
The veil of moonlight
Gathers the world
In its folds.

The night's quiet magic
And the glow of the stars
Engulf me
In a sea of enchantment.
The dogwood and the budding trees,
The bending boughs of blossoms
Blend harmoniously
With the night's melody,
And I am alone
With the night and my dreams.

Louise Robertson

OMEGA

They say that many planes will come
And bomb and burn and take my home.
They tell me that it's quick and fast,
The lightning flash and thunder blast.
They tell me life is almost gone—
One moment more, one minute on.
They say my home will only yield
Another lifeless battlefield.

The grass I love to feel and smell
Will harbor an atomic shell.
My house, my lovely painted walls,
Will fall beneath the cannon balls.
Each tender cherished leaf of mine,
Each tree that God has made divine
Will rootless lie both near and far
Because of this Atomic War.

All in the future this is seen;
And I, in youthful gay eighteen,
Know that I must hold and manner
The emblem of my land's banner.

There is no future. Wise men lie
And know that they are doomed to die
And lie another dormant knave
In some uncovered battle grave.

The bells ring out; and church chimes chime,
"Make up your mind, your mind, your mind!
Your youth is just a sad excuse;
Make yourself of use, of use!"

"O God," I cry, "is this thing life,
This war, its dead, its blood and strife?
Is it my country's destination
To die and lie a dormant nation?"

Land of beauty, land of free,
Land that has protected me,
America, my sun, my star,
My country that has lost no war,
Win again with your winning hand,
And make all the world Freedom's land.

Tell this to me and to all youth,
That in you there is lasting truth;
And if we fight and our lives give,
That you will win and always live.
Tell me the stone of every grave
Shall never mark a lowly slave,
And that all men are equal here,
To you all men alike are dear.
Tell me this, and I shall die
For you, that you may never lie
A land which really looked too far,
Then died within the arms of war.
Tell me that this will never be;
And I, my life, shall give to thee.

Bar no fear, nor fear no bar.
Fear finds its meaning in a war;
'Tis here that you have got to win;
'Tis here where boys become true men!

Man's freedom has no higher price
Than life, man's greatest sacrifice.
And though the whips of war may come
To lash me from my childhome home,
I shall not cry nor wane nor wince
But march on to my land's defense
To fight with guns and faith and prayer
Until I fall still fighting there.

THE YELLOW WAY

Laura Princ

I shall return the yellow way;
Shadowed path I gently tread.
Wild, rambling briar has gone astray,
Twined and kissed above my head.
Old oaks, their fingers gnarled and grey,
Thrust their dying leaves to earth
Which whisper hopes of yesterday,
Warn of winter's coming birth.

The trail grows dense, now passing by
Willows, in whose midst, forlorn,
A house dwells, silent with the sky,
Keeping all its doubts unborn.
Above its broken windows high
Shrunken walls stand greened by rain.
Abandoned house, where breezes sigh,
Dreams of spring, but dreams in vain.

This house as I is withered, sear,
Cast into life's darkened night.
This yellow path is but a tear
Shed by sorrow's endless flight.
My soul is crying out in fear,
Seeking peace through mounting wrath.
Forsaken heart! When fall is here,
Why must you seek this yellow path?

Envoy

Abandoned house! Forsakened way!
Shadowed, yellow path I tread.
I shall forever walk this way,
Yellow path; my love is dead!

CLOUDBURST

Louise Robertson

Through the purple storm clouds
It shone upon the naked skeletons
Of leafless trees, the sun, an artist
Painting her masterpiece of light
Upon a canvas of sleepy, lifeless trees.

Where branches at the top spread
To the every direction of the wind,
A silver fan fluttered in the sky.
I watched, a spellbound spectator,
As the clouds darkened all,
And the artist failed to paint,
And the trees returned to their graves
Of wintry death
Anxiously, I awaited the imminent storm of purity.

DESTINATION AMERICA

Anne Carmichael

Steel cities
Bend as rust-red wire,
And crumble . . . A mighty
Forest freed from raging fire
And now grown cold.
Times pass:
Now man escapes
That cursed blight
And reigns again—A humbler
Throne from which he ruleth
Bird and beast . . .
A kingdom within his cave.
Our future?

OCTOBER

Shirly Shipp

October is a magic time of the year. Familiar landscapes ormerly clad in varied shades of green suddenly blaze orth in new, brilliant raiment. The undulating green of he distant hills is splashed with vermilion and ochre from ome over-abundant palette. Fragile emerald leaves now ame with blatant hues. October, that sorceress of occult owers, has arrived.

October is the essence of autumn. September still retains he buttery-gold sunshine and pale buds of summer; November is a season of brown leaves, blustery air, and dying umpkin vines. October, in contrast, is chrysanthemums eflecting the red and gold of the trees overhead, russet leaves gainst an incredibly blue sky, and the sting of cold air gainst one's cheek.

October is a month of contrasts. It is brash as a cymbal nd delicate as a leaf drifting earthward. It is a time for ndustry: youths decorating homecoming floats with streamers and school pennants, and old men raking leaves. It is time for procrastination: lazy afternoons in the mountains, sudden desire to read Shelley and Keats or the new modrn poet everyone has been raving about, or a moment's ause from the day's busy rush to gaze in awe at a tree hivering with blazing jewels of color. It is a time for introspection and memories. October is a reminder of fleeting time and a promise of the gift of eternity.

Most of all, October is a sense impression. It is a blue haze over the valleys, a grey cat purring sleepily before an open grate, and a crisp red apple. It is the crunch of brown leaves beneath one's feet, the unfamiliar scratch of a tweed jacket, and the whine of a setter eager for the hunt. It is hayrides and wiener roasts, birds winging southward, and a smell of burning leaves. It is October, my favorite month of the year.

UNCERTAINTY

Sarah Ann Smith

My future lies before me in a cloud
Of questions and of doubts; I do not know
What life will bring except death and a shroud
And through the mist the dim road does not show.

Must I forever walk the path alone
With none but God to help me on the way?
I fear temptations which cannot be known
And which a loved one could help to allay.

Perhaps I shall be weak and cannot stand
Before the cares, the lot of humankind.
Much pain and suffering may be close at hand
And through my tears a path is hard to find.

Yet even in my doubt I hear one say:
"Who trusts in God will never lose the way."

La Marick for those who REALLY Care for Beauty

La Marick
- Spun Silk Shampoo
- Dandruff Remover Shampoo
- Cleansing & Night Cream
- Liquid Cleanser
- Hair Spray
- Keep Neat
- Creme Rinse
- Deodorant
- Perfumes
- Hair Brushes
- Skin Toned

Note: Clubs, Sororities, Schools . . . . . .
Excellent Opportunity — Top Profit
Sponsor this top quality, family used, economically priced, Already Popular Beauty Product Line.

Contact
La Marick
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Box 946

Phone FR 5-3406

refuge

(Continued from page 15)

secret. Then she froze as a voice pierced her joy, "Carol Ann Henderson! How many times have I told you not to run up those steps? One of these days you're gonna' fall on them: and as fat as you are you're liable to injure yourself good! Now get in here and let me try these dresses on you. If they can't be let out, I'll just have to give them to Geraldine for one of her little colored children."

Suddenly all the dreams and the hopes and the joy at anticipation of how pleased Mommy would be were transfigured into hatred and disillusionment. She stood helpless and immobile, not knowing which way to turn for a moment. Then, as of old, she turned and headed for the one thing that always brought comfort to her. She numbly went down the stairs and strode toward the singular thing that had always soothed her injured pride and erased all hurt. Reaching for the refrigerator door, she felt a bit better in the security of smooth white porcelain and gleaming aluminum. Presently she seated herself at the friendly old kitchen table. She hesitated for an instant. In that moment she felt very old, and very tired. All the hopes and dreams sank quietly into the plate of ice cream and cake before her. Then, slowly, she picked up the spoon and ate—and she cried.

Douglas

ENTERPRISES

DOUGLAS FURS

DOUGLAS CLEANERS

DOUGLAS DRESSES

LAUNDRIANA

(Self Service)

Music INCORPORATED

(Charlotte's Most Complete Music Center)

Corner of Elizabeth Ave. & Independence Blvd.

keep your

eye on

Ivey's

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

for

significant

fashion news

MINT'S NAMESAKE

Louise Robertson

A dry sea of dust followed Sam Howie as he drove ong the dirt farm road. He glanced at his new sign as e went through the gate.

"Howie's Training Stables," it read, "We Buy, Sell, Train, nd Breed The Finest Horses in North Carolina."

The truck pulled into the barn with a screech of the akes. The tall, bronze-skinned man got out.

"Hey, Mint," yelled Sam.

"Yes suh, Mr. Sam?" answered a young voice, as a round ack face peeked from behind an even rounder red apple.

"Help me unload this ay."

"Yes suh, Mr. Sam."

"How's Gold Fancy?" sked the trainer, throwing ne huge hay bale into the ft.

"She's jus' fine, suh. Sho' big, tho'. Ought to be any ay now," replied the boy miling until his white teeth rinned from one black jaw the other.

Gold Fancy was a fine egistered mare and Mint's ride and joy. She didn't be- ng to Mint; she was Sam's. ut that didn't matter; Mint ist pretended she did, and nat made it almost so. He ould spend hours currying er fine, sleek body and rushing her golden mane ntil it shone like the metal self. The white stockings three of her legs accented her every step, and grace was er topmost quality.

"Whatcha' gonna' name the colt, Mr. Sam?" asked Mint.

"Haven't decided on a name yet, Mint. This one's going be a winner, though; so we'll need a good name for it."

"Yes, suh," agreed Mint, grinning that same wide smile gain.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Sam, Miss Suzanne Rhine called nd said she'd be out 'bout eleven," added Mint, picking up old turkey feather duster.

"You know," mocked Mint, fanning himself with the athers, wiggling his skinny hips, and blinking his wide es, "Miss 'Struts' Suzanne Rhine."

"Mint!" scolded Sam. "You mustn't talk that way about liss Rhine. She's a kind lady; and if it weren't for her ther's hiring me, we'd have no business."

"Yes suh, Mr. Sam. She's a nice lady 'specially cause her father," answered Mint, still grinning, and walked f, wiggling behind as hard as ever and blinking like Miss truts."

Sam laughed silently to himself, remembering when he'd st seen Mint. Three years ago when Sam had first come train show horses for Mr. Rhine he'd found Mint. It had been a chilly spring morning, and Sam was feeding the horses. Just before Sam threw the sweet hay into Gold Fancy's stall, he noticed a small Negro child sleeping in the hay rack while Gold Fancy stood in the opposite corner curiously eyeing the little black form.

Sam found that the form was a starving orphan who didn't know or else just wouldn't tell where he was from. The boy called himself "Mint." He didn't know his last name, or even if he had one. It was only "Mint," a little orphan, perhaps a victim of passion, mischance, or circumstance. It didn't matter. He was here and Sam clothed, fed, and kept him. Through the years, Mint learned to handle and train the horses. He became company to Sam, almost a son, except for his color, which didn't really matter either; Sam loved him.

Mint returned, interrupting Sam's reminiscence. "Are we goin' to Miss Jane's fo' supper tonight, Mr. Sam?"

"Sure thing," answered the trainer, amused by the boy's sudden change.

"Hot hosses!" exclaimed Mint. "Ah sho' do love her candied yams and country ham. Now that's the girl fo' you, Mr. Sam. Ah bet ole Struts cain't even boil water."

"Mint!"

"Ah'm sorry, Mr. Sam, suh," said Mint, then walking over to his golden beauty, adding under his breath, "Ah ain't really sorry, Gold Fancy, 'cause 'ole Struts' is after Mr. Sam, and she sho' ain't the girl fo' him. Now you take Miss Jane . . ."

Mint's sentence was cut off by the sight of the long black Cadillac speeding down the road.

A slim blonde emerged from the car, reminding Mint of a snake getting ready to strike.

"Hell-o Mint," the snake hissed, coldly.

"Hell-o Stru - - - Ah mean Miss Rhine," answered the boy, stepping back from her poisonous fangs.

"Where's Sammy?" she asked, straightening her hair.

"If you mean Mr. Howie," spoke Mint in a very dignified manner, "he'll be here directly." Mint turned and walked away.

True to Mint's words, Sam came around leading Suzanne's horse all bridled, saddled, and ready to ride.

"But of course you'll come with me, Sammy," she said, fluttering her dark lashes. "It's so dreadfully lonely riding by yourself when you could have the company of such a handsome young trainer as you."

(Continued on page 22)

MINT'S NAMESAKE

(Continued from page 21)

"Oh, brother," thought Mint, "she's gooier than mud."

"Mint, help me get Sebastian ready," demanded the trainer.

"Yes suh, Mr. Sam."

They dressed the old black gelding in his full attire, and Sam mounted. Mint watched his friend admiringly, so straight in the saddle and sure of himself. His wavy brown hair blowing a little in the wind and strong arms, muscular from his work, made Sam the perfect outdoor specimen and Mint's idol. Mint kicked hard at a bale of hay and walked over to Gold Fancy's stall. He fluttered his eye lashes until he could hardly see and began mocking Suzanne again.

"But of course you'll ride with me, Gold Fancy. It's so dreadfully lonely riding by yo'self when you could have the company of such a han'some hoss as you."

The gentle mare put her pert little ears up and listened. Her dark brown eyes followed, inquisitively, the funny black puppet shaking and wiggling all around the stables with his turkey feather duster.

Sam and Suzanne returned about an hour later. Mint was munching on another fat apple. Suzanne looked like the triumphant "snake" who had trapped its prey.

"Sam has agreed to drive over our estate with me this afternoon," she announced to Mint. "Think you can handle the stables by yourself?"

"B-B-But Gold Fancy is 'spectin'," stuttered the boy, turning to Sam, very much frightened by the idea of being alone when the colt was coming.

"I don't think the colt will come for a day or so," answered Sam, taking his eyes from Mint's.

"But Mr. Sam . . ."

"That's enough, Mint," said the trainer harshly.

Mint's idol began to dwindle. How could Sam go o now? That colt might come anytime. How could he taken by ole Struts? Mint hated her. That choked feeli in his throat . . . no, he couldn't cry now, not in front of t "snake." Mint looked down at his feet and replied, "Oka Mr. Sam, if you really want to go."

They turned and left, and not any too soon for Mi because those big drops on his cheeks weren't rain, not wh the sun was up so high. The boy ran to Gold Fancy. H cried for a few minutes in her thick mane, and told her troubles, and patted her soft nose. She seemed all rig so Mint decided to go to the office and "make believe"; t was his favorite pastime.

"Ah's Mr. Mint," he explained as he leaned back in San armchair and pretended to smoke a cigar. "Ah's the o'n of this heah stable, and Struts is mah work hoss."

He went babbling on about things at the stable wh suddenly his dream-world was interrupted by a moan fr Gold Fancy's stall. He took off like greased lightning. H mare was down. She looked mighty queer, like that c might come now. What would Mint do? Then he thoug of Miss Jane. She knew something about horses. She a Mr. Sam often rode together and spent a lot of their ti around the stables. Mint suspected they were in love, b couldn't do anything about it until Sam had enough mon to buy some stables of his own and get out of the clutch of ole Struts.

"N-N-Now don't you go 'way or have that colt fo' A gits back, Gold Fancy. You jes' rest right here now," he to

THE

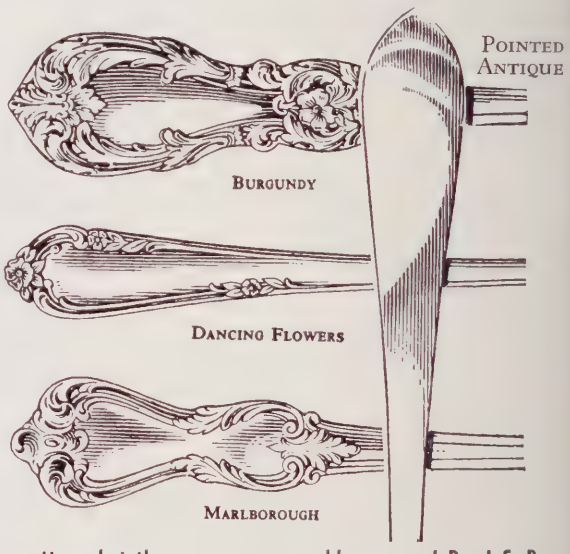
BARRINGER HOTELS

100% AIR CONDITIONED

Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.



No matter what the season, your world-renowned Reed & Barton sterling silver is the focal point of your entertaining, your everyday dining.

Burgundy	$36.50	Marlborough	$31.75
Dancing Flowers	$29.75	Pointed Antique	$32.50

CLUB AND CHARGE ACCOUNTS

Garibaldi & Bruns

Established 1896

104 S. Tryon Street

e mare and started running to Miss Jane's.

Jane Lee lived across the pasture in a small white cottage th flowers and ivy growing along the cobble stone walk. he was just a few years younger than Sam and had met n three years ago when he first came to train horses for r. Rhine. Her light brown hair and blue eyes set off her tural loveliness. Sam had been attracted to her the first oment he'd met her in church, and to find that she was s closest neighbor cinched things right away. Jane was ually attracted to Sam's rugged and gentle ways. They ally were in love, but somehow Suzanne Rhine held the d rope around their necks, and they could only dream of life together someday.

"Miss Jane! Miss Jane!" Mint shouted at the top of his ngs, while still at the gate.

Jane had been cooking, but she recognized the voice, and ar showed in Mint's call.

"What's the matter, Mint? What is it?"

"Gold Fancy, Miss Jane," he puffed all out of breath. he's down and she's gonna' have a colt, and Mr. Sam ain't me, and please come quick."

Jane went for some clean towels; then she and Mint shed out across the pasture. When they reached her stall, old Fancy was already having her colt. Jane and Mint rked frantically, doing all they knew to help. Mint ran r some warm water while Jane stayed with the mare. About rty-five minutes later it was over. The colt was born. Jane ok the warm water-soaked towel and helped Gold Fancy ash part of the afterbirth from the youngster's coat.

It was getting dark outside, so Mint went to get a lantern. e hung it beside the mare's stall. The sound of a car com- g through the gate told Mint that Sam had finally come me. Mint ran to meet him.

"Mr. Sam, suh, Gold Fancy done had her colt."

Sam Howie never gave Suzanne a second look. He jumped from the car and ran to the stables. The colt was trying desperately to keep his balance on those collapsible things called legs. Sam looked into the stall and was met by a sharp-eyed little stallion that was perfectly marked. His spindly legs had three evenly-matched white stockings, each coming just above his ankles. There was an oblong, diamond-shaped white blaze on his nose. The head and ears were small, and the neck was naturally arched. His coloring was a deep auburn with golden highlights jumping from his coat as the lantern flickered its light on him.

"He's perfect!" exclaimed Sam. "Just perfect!"

Suzanne followed Sam in. Jane was sitting on a hay bale, her hair covered with straw, and her white shirt soiled and sweaty from working. Suzanne looked beautiful in her black strapless dinner dress and fur stole, while Jane resembled a tramp right now. The two women faced each other, and both faced Sam. On one side of him was the beautiful heiress; on the other, a pretty girl and a Negro boy. Sam made his decision. He walked over and put his arm around Jane and Mint.

"You two did it," he smiled. "I'm sorry I wasn't here to help."

Sam leaned down, kissing Jane on the forehead. Suzanne was shocked.

"Are we, or aren't we going to that dinner party?" she asked curtly.

"I'm afraid we aren't," answered Sam, still looking at Jane.

"You're a fool, Sam Howie. You could meet some real people who could help you and make you somebody."

(Continued on Page 24)

FIRDS

Ship'n Shore

Ivy League Shirt in luxurious broadcloth

$2.95

Ship'n Shore adds the fresh-touch of shortie roll-up sleeves to the beautiful shirt that's getting the big rush! Luxury-fine combed cotton broadcloth . . . wash-wonderful white, pastels, dark tones . . . sizes 28 to 38. Other new styles . . . plaids, stripes, checks!

EFIRDS SPORSTWEAR . . . SECOND FLOOR OF FASHION

MINT'S NAMESAKE

(Continued from page 23)

"No, Suzanne."

Suzanne, turning in her anger, knocked over the lantern, and kerosene spilled on the dry hay. The glowing wick instantly ignited the hay. Jane, who was sitting opposite the others, was immediately cut off from them by the sudden spread of the fire. While trying to get out of the way of the oncoming menace, she tripped over the bale in such a manner that it knocked her down and rolled over her legs. Helplessly she lay there facing the long yellow and red fingers which reached out to burn her. Jane screamed. Sam plunged through the fire, kicked the half burning bale away, grabbed the girl, and carried her to safety.

Meanwhile, Mint had dared to face the wall of flame to save Gold Fancy and the colt. He lunged through the death trap, pulled off his dark shirt, and blindfolded the mare with it. The colt was on his feet, standing fairly well by now; so Mint felt safe in leading both mother and son. The fire blazed up before them. Mint slapped Gold Fancy on the flank. One great leap took the horse through the fire with the youngster following close behind. Mint put his arm over his face and tried the same. He didn't make it. A huge beam fell across him as the roof crashingly collapsed.

Sam, seeing the horse and colt lunge through the blaze, knew that Mint must be inside. Putting Jane down, he ran back and saw the boy beneath the burning beam. Working frantically, Sam pulled the boy away.

He was out cold with bad burns across his back and legs. Sam smothered the flames of Mint's torn clothing and carried him gently to the truck.

When the boy awoke, he was aware of anxious faces staring at him. The room seemed quiet and clean. A nurse was giving him a blood transfusion while a doctor stood beside Jane and Sam. Jane had tears in her eyes, and Sam looked more serious than Mint had ever remembered.

"Only a few minutes, I'm afraid," whispered the doctor to Sam.

(Continued on page 30)

Refreshment to You Through the Years

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF CHARLOTTE

first in college fashions

TATE-BROWN CO.

THE LABEL OF DISTINCTION

2nd Floor

10% discount

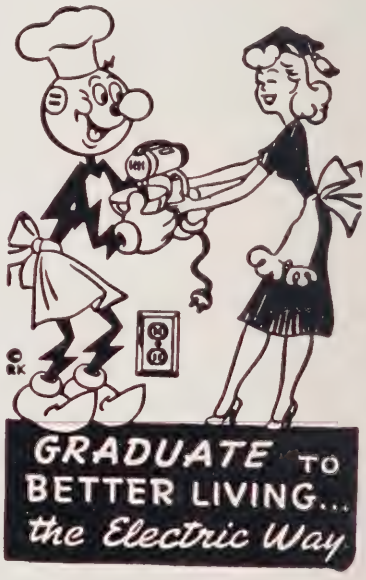
with

this ad

at

The Deb Shop

123 South Tryon



DUKE POWER COMPANY

Serving the Piedmont Carolinas

Myrta

Betty McGeachy

It was a hot, humid afternoon, typical of the city's sum-
ıer. On the lower East Side hundreds of families had come
own to the sidewalks, partly to escape the unbearable heat
the tiny, overcrowded flats and partly to be out of the
ay while dinner was being prepared. The strong odor of
ıeese and tomatoes flavored heavily with garlic drifted
own from countless windows to the little groups gathered
front of the first-floor shops. Men just home from work
layed cards or argued politics; boys played handball against
ıe few blank expanses of the tenement walls; old folks
t still with their eyes closed, or talked to each other about
ıe humidity and how much cooler it had been in the "old
ountry." On First Street someone had opened a "johnny
ump," and scantily clad children cooled off in the hy-
ant's rushing flow. Across the narrow openings between
artment buildings mothers alternated gossiping with neigh-
rs and yelling at children still underfoot because they
ere too young to play on the streets or in the alleys. A fire
ren in the distance, the cries of a street vendor, the jangling
good-humor carts, the songs of occasional staggering Bow-
y drunks, and the constant hum of traffic—all seemed to
ld to the heat and confusion of the late afternoon.

Just outside the fifth-floor windows of a very old building
First Street, two little girls were sitting on the fire es-
pe. They had dark skin and coal black hair, very straight
ıd oily. The younger one wore hers pulled back and
stened with a rubber band so that the tiny gold circlets
her ear lobes were clearly visible. Both were shoeless
ıd wore faded cotton dresses that apparently had belonged
someone else first, for they hung loosely on the small
odies. They were sitting high above the busy street, look-
g down at the panorama of New York slum life, but they
ere not thinking of the city. Talking softly to one another,
ey had transported themselves in their imaginations far
ross the Hudson River.

"Tell me some more, Rosa," said the smaller child. She
as about ten, whereas her companion was several years
der. "What will it be like the moment I get on the train?"

"Oh, the train is real exciting. The lady will put your
itcase up over your head, and you'll sit by somebody that's
ing to the same town you are. You'll know she is because
e'll have a tag around her neck just like yours. Then a
an will come by, and you can buy things like candy and
ndwiches if you want to. And you can get a drink of
ater in the back if you get thirsty."

"Right there on the train?"

"Sure. You push a button and water comes out in a little
p. This is a real train, see. Much bigger and nicer than
the subway."

"Gee!" The little girl closed her eyes and sighed. Rosa had been to the country three times, and she knew so many wonderful things.

"But, Myrta, the best part is when you get off the train and your lady meets you. She'll take you home in a car, and you'll meet her children and the father. They all live in one building, upstairs and down both. And another family lives next door, but there's lots of grass and trees between. Usually they have a dog or something that you can play with, and they'll take you to ride or swimming or on a picnic."

"Are there lots of other children? Will there be a girl just my age?" asked Myrta, eager to hear all about this new and mysterious experience.

"Well, when I went to New Jersey, there was just a lady and a man and they didn't have any children, but they were real nice and I had fun anyway."

"But what do you do all day while the lady works?"

"Oh, the mothers in the country don't go to work, silly. They stay home all day and play with the children or the dog or something. They don't even clean house because somebody comes and does it every day."

"I'm scared, Rosa. What if they don't like me?"

"Oh, silly," said the older girl. "They'll like you okay. There's nothing to be scared about."

"But Pennsylvania is so far away! What if I get home-sick?"

"Well so what? You're just going for two weeks. It isn't forever."

Nevertheless, Myrta did feel a little nervous. Later that afternoon, after Rosa had gone upstairs to supper, she pulled the big box from under her bed and fingered for the hun dredth time the new red dress she was to wear. Not since Mama's wedding had she had a new dress all her own. It had always been Carmen's first—or sometimes Maria's. One day this one would belong to Irene, but now it was all her own. She put it back in the box and went over to the window—the one window that let in the sunlight in the morning and the only one that you could see the street from.

(Continued on Page 26

PARKER-GARDNER COMPANY

118 W. Trade Street

Phone ED 2-8257

Headquarters for Music

Myrta

(Continued from page 25)

What a day tomorrow would be! Ever since Miss He up at the church had talked to Mama and said that she kn someone in the country would want to invite Myrta, had been waiting for this day, not knowing quite what expect. For two weeks now she had been pestering Mam "When will she call? When am I going?" and finally, o Tuesday, Mama had picked up the phone and Myrta kn it had happened. She heard Mama repeat those wonder words: "Meet at one o'clock on Thursday for the nurs check-up and leave Friday morning. Could she be read Certainly she could be ready. Hadn't she already gotte new red dress? But the most exciting word and the that was the hardest to understand was "Pennsylvania." S knew that it was the name of the place she was going, how far away it sounded—how wonderful to say over a over to Rosa: "Pennsylvania; Penn-syl-vania."

Rosa had been to New Jersey and another town in N York and to "Massa-chu-setts" or something like that, she hadn't been to Pennsylvania. It was Rosa's mother w had talked Mama into letting Myrta go. She had been ta ing about it for a long time, but Mama hadn't decided u that day when Myrta and Irene had gotten into a fig Mama had been working hard and was tired, so she real mad. She had yelled at them in Spanish, somethi

Reynolds

114A W. 5th St.

Featuring the newest in College Fashions for the Smart Collegian.

United States Casualty Company

Southern Department

523 North Tryon Street

Casualty Insurance

Fidelity and Surety Bonds

Compliments of

SELWYN HOTEL

Goforth's Inc.

Gifts — Cards — Stationery

Telephone FR 5-0027

Selwyn Hotel Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

e almost never did any more, and had marched right up-airs to ask Rosa's mother about how to send Myrta to the untry.

"Myrta!" It was Mama yelling again. "Get away from at window and help Maria with the dishes. You think u got nothing to do but hang out the window all day?"

Myrta walked slowly over to the sink and picked up a wel. She wished Mama wouldn't yell all the time. Rosa id that in the country mothers never yell. But Mama never d anything else. She even yelled at the baby and he was little he couldn't help what he did. Maria said it was cause Mama was so tired, because she worked all day d then had to look after the children at night. Myrta uld faintly remember a time—a long time ago—when ama didn't yell. When they first came to New York from erto Rico. There had been just she and Mama then. Now ere were Maria and Carmen and Irene and Sal and little ngelo. And all those men she was supposed to call Papa. ut she knew they weren't her father. They belonged to eryone else—not to Myrta. She had said goodbye to Papa Puerto Rico six years ago because Mama had said life as better in America. There would always be lots to eat d lots of nice people. Papa was going to come too—as soon they found a home. But there had been other men—not pa. And now Mama worked all day. And always yelled.

The phone rang, but Myrta hardly heard it. She was inking about how different it might have been if Papa had come. Maybe he would still come. Wouldn't it be wonderful to come home from the country and find Papa here? She must be sure not to forget to take the rosary he had given her. She would put it in the suitcase before she went to bed. Rosa had said that in the country there was always a father. Always the same father.

Suddenly she heard the telephone conversation. "My God!" Mama was saying. "Ain't I got enough to do without another kid under foot. What's wrong with her anyway? Sick! I'll bet she's sick. Probably got sick when she heard my baby wasn't a pretty little white girl, that's what! Okay, okay; but I don't like it." She slammed down the receiver.

"Mama, Mama! What's wrong?"

"That was Miss Helen. Your lady in Pennsylvania is sick, so you can't go; that's what's wrong. And I was counting on a little peace and quiet for a while. Why she might even have fed you and dressed you all summer if she had liked you. Now she's sick. And she hopes we won't mind."

"O Mama," she sobbed. "I can't ride on the train? I can't see the houses and the grass and all?"

"Shut up, will you?" Mama yelled. "Ain't I got enough trouble without you whining? Go out and play; go see Rosa or something; go on!"

The little girl turned and left the room without a word. There was nothing to say when Mama was like that, and nowhere to go. Rosa said that in the country you had a room of your own if you felt like being alone. Oh well, maybe next year she could tell Rosa about Pennsylvania.

Compliments of

CAROLINA PIPE CO.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

FOR—
COSMETICS
PERFUME
STATIONERY
DRUGS
PRESCRIPTIONS
SHOP
ECKERDS DRUG STORE
1025 PROVIDENCE ROAD

An Analysis of the Writings of Thomas Wolfe

Shirly Shipp

The literary fame of Thomas Wolfe is based almost exclusively on four powerful novels: *Look Homeward, Angel, Of Time and the River, The Web and the Rock,* and *You Can't Go Home Again.* The first two tell the story of Eugene Gant, and the last two recount the life of George Webber; the reader quickly discovers, however, that both can be exposed as thinly disguised autobiographies of Tom Wolfe. In his last novel Wolfe elucidates and defends this obvious dependence for plot development upon personal feelings and events out of his own life: "He was to become convinced as he grew older that if one wants to write a book that has any interest or any value whatever, he has got to write it out of the experience of life . . . So Webber had drawn upon the experience of his own life."

Upon first consideration these novels by Wolfe appear to be only thorough, and at times nakedly realistic, expositions of his life. Just such a surface appraisal of his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel,* was sufficient, however, to arouse fury in his hometown of Asheville, North Carolina; it appears that no one and no place had escaped his scathing torrent of words. He wrote later of this situation: "He had written about his hometown, about his family and the people he had known there . . . People at home, whose good opinion he coveted more than that of all the rest of the world combined, were bewildered and overwhelmed by it . . . Still, there was truth in it. And this was what people were afraid of. This was what made them mad."

The question next arises: Are his works completely autobiographical? Wolfe felt that "all serious work in fiction is autobiographical." He felt everyone to be "the sum of all the moments of all our lives." Despite the fact that many of Wolfe's characters seem lifted straight from their archetypes, they had been changed in outward shape and disposition. His characters appear to be symbols in his mind and thus assume Gargantuan features. His mother seems the height of avariciousness as she sacrifices their home life in favor of boarding-house trade; Esther, his Jewish mistress, becomes to him the epitome of the pseudo-glitter and cruel lust of the city; and his brother Ben and sister Helen suggest defeat and hopelessness. Viewed in this light, his ch acterizations do not appear mercilessly bitter or malicio rather, any distortions or exaggerations reveal this defin purpose of symbolism.

Wolfe's talent for vivid, brilliant descriptions deser special mention. Here is a style of writing so fresh a vigorous that one feels powerfully affected by its vastn and scope. Perhaps part of this freshness comes from unusual descriptive phrases. His selection and co-ordinati of adjectives create amazingly graphic images in the mi of the reader. Further evidence of his intense sensitiven and penetrating vision is shown many times in his int polations of lines of rich lyric prose between sections of t story: "A wisp-haired slattern, with snuff-sticked mout *(Look Homeward, Angel)*

"Spring lay strewn lightly like a fragrant gauzy scarf up the earth; the night was a cool bowl of lilac darkness." *(Lo Homeward, Angel)*

"A great tree of birds will sing, burgeoning, blossomi richly, filling the air also with warm-throated plum-dr ping bird notes." *(Look Homeward, Angel)*

"A rich warm wind . . . was making mellow music throu all the lutestrings of flower and grass and fruit." *(Lo Homeward, Angel)*

"His dark vision burned on kingdoms under the sea, windy castle crags, and on the deep elf kingdoms at t earth's core. He groped for the doorless land of faery, th illimitable haunted country that opened somewhere bel a leaf or a stone. And no birds sang." *(Look Homewa Angel)*

"A young Cuban with patent leather hair" *(You Can't Home Again)*

"Big, crashy bath towel." *(You Can't Go Home Again)*

"The city wheeled before her in a drunken dance—a cl of lights, a craziness of towers, a spoke of streets, the ra and sudden splinters of chaotic brightness." *(The Web a the Rock)*

"One hears the hoarse notes of the great ships in the riv and one remembers suddenly the princely girdle of prou potent tides that bind the city, and suddenly New Yo blazes like a magnificent jewel in its fit setting of sea, a earth, and stars. There is no place like it, no place with atom of its glory, prise, and exultancy. It lays its hand up a man's bowels; he grows drunk with ecstasy; he grows you and full of glory, he feels that he can never die." *(T Web and the Rock)*

This is more than just description. Thomas Wolfe crea in the reader by these powerful sense impressions the sa emotions, conflicts, and experiences he has felt himse Sometimes Wolfe is almost caustic in his estimation: "Geo Webber had observed that there is no one on earth who more patriotically devoted—verbally, at least—to the regi from which he came than the American from the Southe portion of the United States. Once he leaves it to take

living in other less fair and fortunate sections of the ıntry, he is willing to fight for the honor of the South- ıd at the drop of a hat, to assert her supremacy over all e other habitable parts of the globe on every occasion, speak eloquently and passionately of the charm of her ting, the superiority of her culture, the heroism of her en, and the beauty of the women, to defend her, to protect r, to bleed and die for her, if necessary—to do almost erything, in fact, for dear old Dixie except to return per- ınently to her to live." But despite this air of cynicism, olfe loved America and the South and spoke lovingly the hills of home.

Few contemporary writers reveal more sincere patriotic vor than Wolfe. "If he (Webber) was not American he s not anything at all." He wholeheartedly believed in e American dream: "to every man the right to live, to rk, to be himself, to become whatever his manhood and s vision can combine to make him—this, seeker, is the omise of America." Wolfe found himself simultaneously rigued and challenged by the greatness and power of nerica. He did not restrict himself to a section of the nited States but broadened his feelings to encompass all wildered, struggling men. And by his doing this, the eme attains universality. Time is irrelevant; George Web- r—Eugene Gant—Tom Wolfe is any man in any era uggling against the prejudice, greed, and social barriers the world.

The novels of Thomas Wolfe are flagrantly devoid of jectivity. The purpose found in all of Wolfe's works was reveal through his personal feelings and passions the iversal loneliness and longings of all individuals. His tobiographies become epic struggles of mankind against e dangers and mortifications imposed upon him by society d the world.

The stories of Eugene Gant and George Webber develop to the tale of modern-day American youth. Thomas Wolfe emed to feel himself to be the spokesman for the American uth and spirit of his day; he knew the hungering desires, ble aspirations, and degrading humiliations experienced all inquiring youths. This explains his fondness for inute details and his thorough analysis of every situation.

His last novel, *You Can't Go Home Again,* forecasts not ly the end of the American era Wolfe knew and loved, ıt also the end of life. "Something has spoken to me in e night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something s spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know ıt where. Saying: 'To lose the earth you know, for greater ıowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave e friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more nd than home, more large than earth.'" No pessimist how- er, Wolfe predicts an even more glorious future for Amer- a: "I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe e shall be found. And this belief, which mounts now to e catharsis of knowledge and conviction, is for me—and think for all of us—not only our own hope, but America's everlasting, living dream . . . I think the true discovery of America is before us. I think the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land, is yet to come. I think the true discovery of our own democracy is still before us."

Paradoxically enough, Wolfe's novels have received much criticism for the same elements of his writing style that have been so highly praised by others. His abundant flow of words has been called unnecessarily florid and rhetorical. He has been accused of sacrificing plot and character for superfluous embellishments. It is probably just a matter of personal taste whether this quality distracts the reader or not; perhaps this rhetorical manner can be explained by Wolfe's complete lack of timidity or restraint when expressing his personal feelings.

This, then, is Thomas Wolfe. He actually wrote only one book and created one character. Is he a fiery poet, a mature evaluator of American culture, or a pompous orator? Only time will tell. Without reserve, however, he must be given due praise for his poignant mountain legends of the Pentland and Joyner tribes, his conception of death (Gant, Ben, Grover), his magnificent characterizations of his father, mother, Nebraska Crane, the New York set, Ben, Helen—the list could go on indefinitely. But, if only for his great epic of life, Thomas Wolfe will have gained a prominent position in the world of letters.

Ladies' Apparel

MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road

TRAGEDY IS ESSENTIALLY OPTIMISTIC

SHARLENE MORRIS

Tragedy is essentially optimistic, but the reasons for its optimism vary greatly from author to author and even from play to play. It is safe to make a few generalizations, however. From the characteristic of tragedy, that the hero pursues his course without deviation, the following statement may be made: there is something optimistic in the mere fact that such an individual exists. All is not lost as long as there are individuals who are willing to fight for a goal regardless of the consequences. Of course, one may argue that this can be dangerous. It can. This is the thing that puts dictators on thrones; it is also the thing that gives the church its martyrs and each new endeavor its pioneers.

Tragedy is mainly concerned with the future; events in the past are important only for their influence on the future. Nothing can be totally pessimistic if it looks ahead. Even if personal disaster is predicted, there is always the more immediate future to look toward. Utopias are always in the future!

A third characteristic of tragedy is that it depends upon the orderliness of the universe and the presence of universal laws. Disaster comes to individuals or to groups of individuals only when they go against these laws whether it be consciously or unconsciously, and this fact will be discussed more fully later.

Aeschylus is more optimistic than either Sophocles or Euripides. His characters follow a certain course although they know that punishment will come; they are willing to sacrifice themselves for something that they believe in. Prometheus knows what the future holds when he gives the things of the gods to man, but he acts as he believes he should. To him his punishment is merely an unpleasant aspect of his duty. There is nothing abject about it. Clytemnestra feels that she has to murder Agamemnon in order to see that justice is done, as does Orestes when he murders his mother. There is nothing optimistic in murder or in bondage themselves, but there is optimism in the fact that these individuals are willing to sacrifice themselves for the sake of seeing that justice is done. The desirability of this extreme individualism applies only to *Prometheus Bound, Agamemnon,* and *The Libation Bearers;* in the *Eumenides* justice is taken from the hands of the individual and put into the hands of society. With this, judgment by the individual is reduced from a duty to an unadulterated crime. This change in judicial policy shows two thing society has matured and so have the gods. From the ti the Prometheus is punished to the time of the *Eumenid* the gods have grown from insecure, totally self-center beings to ones that are mature enough to be willing let man be responsible for some of his own actions. Aeschyl knows that the most hopeful thing in the world is t ability to grow; only in the absence of it is anything e tirely lost.

To summarize, Aeschylus upholds the universal la that all must grow to continue to exist and that justi must be done. Because of these beliefs, he writes with th in mind: good will win out over wrong, but how and wh will it happen?

Sophocles is generally less optimistic than Aeschylus, b he is more so in one way. Sophocles puts man's destiny his own hands. Fate is above the gods. Since this is tru man is freed from the judgment of capricious gods. On he is responsible for his actions, and only he must suff for them.

Fate is the most important thing in *Oedipus Rex* and *Oedipus at Colonus.* The oracle predicts that Oedipus w kill his father and marry his mother. When he finds o that he has fulfilled the prophecy, he knows that dea will come. He also knows that how he spends the int vening time is up to him. He is free to choose between co tinuing to grow or letting his feelings of guilt destroy h dignity and worth.

In the *Medea* Euripides uses the negative to support th positive. He draws two characters that are not realistic individuals in order to show that the Golden Mean is th ideal philosophy. With Jason as the personification of re son and Medea as the personification of passion, Euripid contrasts them with the rest of society, the normal ind viduals. In this way he is saying that the world is general sane and balanced but that exceptions to this rule exi The most optimistic thing about the play is that Jason an Medea are the exceptions.

It is quite reasonable to conclude that tragedy is esse tially optimistic.

MINT'S NAMESAKE

(Continued from page 24)

"Hello, Mint," Sam smiled when he saw those famili black eyes open once again.

"Mr. Sam, suh," Mint painfully asked, "is Gold Fan and the colt all right?"

"Sure, Mint, they're fine, and you know what we're goi to name him?" Sam's eyes began to cloud up. "We're goi to name him Gold Mint after you. How's that?"

Mint smiled with his last bit of strength and answere "Yes suh, Mr. Sam."

It was over. The doctor pulled the white sheet over th little boy's burned body.

All that happened five years ago. Now Mrs. Jane L Howie watched as her husband won the world's five-gaite championship stake. Their eyes met and each knew wh the other was thinking, as the judge gave the long blu ribbon to Gold Mint, Mint's namesake.

HOTEL CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Carolinas Largest & Finest Hotel"

AIR CONDITIONED

THE PINE ROOM
EARLY AMERICAN RESTAURANT
INFORMAL DINING

Alton L. Bland, President
Kenneth B. Cross, Manager